

THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

"UBI LIBERTAS, IBI PATRIA."—Chico.—"Where liberty dwells, there is my Country."

BY MITCHENER & MATHEWS.

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POETRY.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

TOKENS OF AUTUMN.

The sweet spring birds away have flown,
The summer flowers are mostly blown,
The summer grass is nearly mown,
The pumpkin vines are fully grown,
The cricket chirps at night alone,
The owl hoots with sadder moan,
A blight is o'er the landscape thrown,
And more than I have ever known
Of autumn's here.

And various other things forebode
That summer's "going for to go,"
And autumn's drawing near.
Dame Nature's changing her green gown,
For one that's sprinkled with blue and brown,
Pomona throws her basket down,
And pippins roll around;
The days are growing shorter fast—
The nights are rather cool, at last,
And every breeze that murmurs past,
Has an autumnal sound.

Jack Frost will shortly pick the flowers
That blossom now in summer's bowers,
And strew them on the gale;
The hills shall kiss the painted skies,
And dash their cheeks with various dyes
From red to yellow pale.

I know that autumn's nigh at hand,
By signs in air and things on land,
So let it come apace;
For I, for one, have always found,
That every season coming round,
Comes with a smiling face.

THE OHIO WHIG LAMENT.

A Parody to be sung to the tune of "Rosin the Bone."

Come all ye dear Whigs of Ohio,
Before "up salt river" we go—
Unite in a solid Convention,
To hang up the "traitor's" Veto!
Oh! to hang up the "traitor's" Veto!
Unite in a solid Convention,
To hang up the "traitor's" Veto!

No wonder we're all in confusion—
Oh! sure, 'tis a terrible knot—
We're "Ty'd" in a terrible knot—bothration!
Bad luck to the sorry Veto,
Oh! bad luck to the sorry Veto,
We're "Ty'd" in a terrible knot, &c.

To the depths of old Orcus, the traitor we'll blow,
For Tyler's a horrible rogue, right well do we know;
So our anthems we'll change into curses
Which we'll vent on "Ty" and Veto,
Which we'll vent on "Ty" and Veto,
So our anthems we'll change, &c.

Log cabins are not worth a sixpence,
And corn-skins at fourpence—too low—
Hard Cider is now Hydra-foby,
Since the news of old Tyler's Veto;
Since the news of old Tyler's Veto,
Hard Cider is now, &c.

The folks think it's a sure epidemic—
At least Sam Medary says so
We're catching our death of "abstractions"
How gripping this dreadful Veto,
We're eating our death, &c.

Come arouse, ye American natives—
Hush!—don't let the foreigners know,
For they're not worth a groat at pipinging,
To break up this blackguard Veto,
To break up this blackguard Veto,
For they're not worth, &c.

Come—crowd now in Convention,
Be sure that you lay the pipes low,
And we'll out old "Ty" and the locos,
And smash up this cruel Veto!
And smash up this cruel Veto,
And we'll soon out, &c.

The State is all in confusion,
The locos continue to crow—
So crow on brother whigs, & we'll thrash 'em
For whittling the tune of Veto!
For whittling the tune of Veto!
So crow on, brother Whigs, &c.

CHRISTIANITY.

Genuine religion deals more in things than in terms
It induces us to be more concerned for the reality than
the appearance of devotion; though we cannot be right-
eous over much as to principle and disposition, we may
as to ostentatious display, untimely exertions and irreg-
ular acts out of place and beyond our power.

A Christian, like the sun, is to do good not by noise,
but by shining. He is to operate principally, not by his
tongue but by his life; the consistency, the holiness,
the charms of his example.

REPUTATION.—A profound judge of human
nature remarks that there are two modes of establishing
our reputation: to be praised by honest men and to be
abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the
former, because it will invariably be accompanied by the
latter.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

At the request of "Henrietta" I will preach
upon this occasion, from the following text:

A wife, like echo, should be true,
To speak when she is spoken to,
But, not like echo to be heard,
Counting for the final word.

My hearers—a wife is not only a choice
piece of household furniture, but a useful ar-
ticle for domestic purposes. She can, besides
darning stockings and mending breeches,
keep all the apartments of a man's heart in
order, and entwine for him garlands of ten-
derness to bedeck his conjugal brow. She is
the marrow of comfort—the principal tribu-
tary to the silvery stream of happiness—the
fountain of joy—a lump of the pure gold
of love, refined in the crucible of Hymen. I
would earnestly advise all my young friends,
who wander along the dark avenues of celibacy,
with no such bright star as woman to
guide their erring steps, to enter immediately
upon the blooming laws of matrimony, and
bask in the sunshine of a fond wife's affections
—even as snakes quit their tenebrous dens,
and lie out to warm beneath the congenial
rays of a vernal sun. But, my friends, you
must analyze well the component parts of a
female before you amalgamate. You must not
let your better judgment be kidnapped by the
allurements of beauty; for beauty is but a flow-
er that fades in the noontide of life, and bloss-
oms no more. The brightest jewel pertaining
to a woman is not worn upon her finger—
neither does it glitter upon her bracelet. No,
it lies buried beneath a whole cargo of silks
and satins and laces, in the casket of her mind.
It is there that you should seek for those pre-
cious gems that adorn the female character,
and give to a woman all the attributes that be-
long to an angel—minus the wings and a dia-
dem of perfect holiness.

My dear young friends I hope you will not
be misguided in your search after those quali-
fications and natural disposition which a wife
ought to possess. She should, of course, be
supervisory to the husband, inasmuch as the
husband ought to be as mild towards her as
is the balmy breath of May to the tender rose.
Her bosom should be a peaceful lake of love,
surrounded by the high hills of forbearance,
over which the gales of passion may blow and
never ruffle its placid surface. She should, as
my text informs you, always be ready to
speak when spoken to by her bigger and more
substantial half, and yet she should not, like
like an echo, be ever contending for the last
word, for she ought to know that perverseness
in a wife always presents a worse appearance
than it does in the husband, even as a fly speck
marred the beauty of white cambric more than
doth an ink spot the comeliness of black broad
cloth. She ought also to be aware that the
obstinacy of the man genius is like unto the
bristles upon hogs backs which being stroked
from the head towards the tail, appear smooth
and delicate; but when manipulated from the
tail towards the head, are found to be as rough
and obtrusive as the pickets that surround the
prison-house of endless torment.

O, my beloved hearers—I hope and trust
that all our masterpieces that bear the conjugal
yoke, have made good elections from the fe-
male creation, to help you drag the plough of
care over the stubbles of such a barren exis-
tence as is allotted to man. I know of some
wives whose incorrigibility is enough to wor-
ry the patience of a mill stone, whose inex-
haustible exertions in the cause of mischief are
worthy of a scholastic monkey—and whose
gunpowder tempers are liable to explode with
a fearful concussion when touched with the
least spark of reproof. They draw their so-
cial tea altogether too strong for weak consti-
tutions, and throw too much salt into their
husbands porridge. They want to wear the
brooches whether they will fit or not. They
set their lords to peeling potatoes, while they
go out and chop wood, which the God of na-
ture never intended should be subjected to the
control of a person in petticoats. O, this
doesn't no more accord with what my ideas of
female worth should consist, than does the
tolling of a funeral bell with the merry notes
of Yankee Doodle! A wife who assumes too
much—who will have her own notions grati-
fied always—who will raise a flame of dispute
upon trifling occasions, and persist in heap-
ing on full at last is worse than nothing.
When heaven first saw fit to work up some
of its choicest materials in the delicate figure
of woman, and place her in the hermitage of
lonely man, it was intended that she should be
to him a helpmate—a cheerful companion—a
solace in his desolate and lonely hours—a lar-
dle dove that he should press to his bosom in
the fondness of affection, and shelter her from
the cold storms of want; that she should dress
the garden of his heart with tenderness, and
strew his bed with the roses of reciprocal love.
For all which she should be, in a degree sub-
missive and never let the tongue do damage
to those fine-spun qualities which should ever
be her pride and her boast.

My friend—to find a good wife in these days
of foolery and fashion, is like seeking for
pearls among an ocean of oyster shells; but if
you are lucky enough to find one, hang on to
her like hemps—for she is as rich a treasure as
ever existed in the imagination of an authori-
tarian. Cherish her, protect her, and you find
but few barren spots between the altar and
the grave. And you, young maids, who are now
delighting in the joyful anticipation of one day
becoming happy brides! I warn you conduct
yourselves properly, lest your blooming hopes
be suddenly overcast with the mists of mor-
tification, and you be destined to go sighing
down to the tomb unwooed, uncourtied and un-

wed. May you all, whether single or married,
endeavor to live on such terms with one an-
other, that the triune joys of friendship, love
and happiness may wait on you to the confines
of eternity. So mote it be!

DOW, Jr."

POLITICAL.

A DISSOLUTION OF THE WHIG PARTY, ON NYE'S BANK BILL.

The whigs are at sword's point on the bank
question. In one place they are for Nye's bank
Bill, which they call a "State Bank of Ohio,"
—this bill contemplates a re-charter of all the
banks in Ohio—with power for the Governor
to suspend them by proclamation!
But what says the whigs of Licking county?
Mark their resolve—plant it on the house tops
It is this:

Resolved, That the Banking institutions
now in existence in the State of Ohio, should
not be rechartered directly or indirectly, and
that our Senators and Representatives be in-
structed to use all honorable means to estab-
lish an entirely new system of Banking."

One of the speakers, Mr. Duncan, denounced
Nye's scheme as fraught with mischief—
They would have none of it. They want for
some entire new scheme, that would not re-
character "directly or indirectly," the present
banks!

Democrats of these counties, where whig-
gery has the impudence to attempt to humbug
you with this scheme of Nye's mark this resolu-
tion of the whigs of Licking! It is but the
sentiment of whigs in all directions last winter
when Nye's saw and pips were under discus-
sion. The scheme is too infamous for the
whigs themselves to unite on—they are not
yet all ready for kings, lords, and money mon-
gers. Shame upon the republican that could
so far forget his country's freedom as to ad-
vocate such a corrupt league of money corpora-
tions as Nye attempted—a scheme he fled
from himself, and did not vote on its final pas-
sage, and his man Friday, Mr. March, voted
against it, with the democrats! And still the
whigs, in some counties have the hardihood
to go before the people, and ask themselves to
sustain the system. Da they believe that the
people are all ignoramuses.—Statesman.

CAN THE ETHIOPIAN CHANGE HIS SKIN, OR THE LEOPARD HIS SPOTS.

The Federal party, since its first organiza-
tion under the elder Adams, has undergone
many changes of name, but has never been able,
with its numerous disguises, to keep dis-
closed from the people its peculiar principles.
Not satisfied with the recent cognomen of "Har-
riet Whig party," it now wishes to hide its
diminished head under the popular name of
"Democratic!" But this putting on of the
lion's skin does not hide the ugly animal be-
neath—the "eleven foot" is plainly discerned,
and the braying of the donkey cannot be mis-
taken.

The Federal party is a queer thing in the
history of politics. It has been a puzzle and a
riddle from the beginning to the present time.
We could never get the hang of the thing en-
tirely, but we know it to be involved in lab-
yrinth of abominations which lendeth to no good
purpose. Hence the frequent changes in its
name, that the unwary may be ensnared and
led to their destruction.

The Federal party may be compared to a
Kalidoscope, exhibiting many strange con-
formations of figures and colors, as the in-
strument is turned in the hand; yet the original
elements of Federalism remain the same—just
as the heads in the Kalidoscope retain their
primitive shape and hue.

The Federal party is a paradox, "a bundle of
whims"—and, a rogue, can always be known
by its aliases and the shabbiness of its dress.
It is woman-like, and as a woman, a strumpet,
patched up to appear like a virgin, while within
is disease and rotteness.

The Federal party is in personified—we do
not wonder, therefore it needs new artifices
and new disguises to hide its deformity. It
was cheat from the beginning, and will remain
an imposture to the end—for error has not the
power to change its nature of character.

Such are not the elements of the Democratic
party. Democracy is but another name for
truth—self-evident truth, not capable of change
always the same and requiring no new name to
give it character and respectability. To truth
nothing can be added or taken away. The ele-
ment or essence, or principle of Truth is he-
aven-born, and like the sun, needs no elemen-
tary light.

The ancient Federal Party now assumes to
be the Democratic Party, and hopes hereby to
carry on its old game of deception. It will fail
however. The older barrels are empty; the
corn-skins are worn out, the log-cabins have
fallen in ruins and poor Federalism, wretched
and miserable, as a last shift, now wishes to
"come it over" the people, under the disguise
of a Democratic garment! It won't do. The
imposture is detected, and the imposture will
be treated accordingly.

The Federal party may keep all the aliases
by which it has heretofore been known; but
when it calls itself Democratic, and pretends
to the same principles, we think impudence
has been carried to the greatest extreme, and
we object strenuously and in toto to the assump-
tion. "He who steals gold and the Pipe Lay-
ing rascals are expert in that business," says
trash, but he that robs Democracy of her good
name," deserves, and will receive, political
execution.—Phila. Times.

Poverty makes a man acquainted with
strange bad-fellows.

DEMOCRACY.

The Sunbeam (now of Boston, formerly of
Hartford) says:

"We find democracy, as we have defined it,
originating in the eternal purposes of God—
revealed in His word, confirmed in His works,
and practically applied in His Government.
We might fill a volume in illustrating and de-
fending this position; but who will deny that
the essential element of Equality, is embodied
in all these? He has given to all men equal
rights, imposed on all equal duties, enacted
for all equal penalties which may be incurred
by all to extent, and established an equal
relation of all, to Himself, and of course to one
another. Who will deny that this is right?
Let him deny God! And if it be right, can it
ever be wrong? Then truth may be a lie! If
it be right in the purposes, the system and the
government of the Infinite, is it not right, and
in the highest degree, in the association, the
government, the laws, the relations of indi-
viduals? We answer—yea!—and therefore
labor for the realization of what is thus immu-
tably right, as far as it can be discovered, and
as fast as the want can develop the means."
—Ohio Statesman.

DOW'S ADVICE.

ive ear to my words and hear my counsel,
O ye whigs, that ye may be prepared to meet
your latter end in hopes for the days of whig-
gery are numbered, and your log cabins have
become the abodes of pigs and bats.

I will liken your heads unto cedar barrels
the cedar of which is spilled leaving the pumice
of prosperity decaying among the seeds of ad-
versity, which have already grown into the
deadly Upas of detection. Its poisonous ef-
fluvia has reached the river of happiness—kil-
ling the fish of hope, and destroying the little
minnies of promise. Why will ye not then go
to the fountain of democracy, and clean your
filthy craniums of their filth, and fill them up
with the plants of truth and seeds of honesty?
Yes, help the democrats to nurse the tree of
prosperity which the fire of whiggery had so
nearly destroyed.

Your mouths I will liken unto tunnels which
convey the cider of wickedness down to the
gloomy paunch of malignity, there to be dis-
tilled into genuine brandy. Yea, I will liken
your mouths to the craters of Etna, casting
forth the fires of destruction on the fair vine-
yards of pleasure. Cease, O ye whigs, and
henceforth let the wine of Republicanism be
your drink, and the bread of Democracy your
food, so shall your bones be covered with the
genuine fat of happiness. Then shall your
country rejoice in the prospect of increasing
happiness and glory, and future generations will
mention your names with reverence and strive
to imitate your example.

We find the following in the last Richland
Shield & Banner. Surely the fifth of the hard
cider campaign is working off rapidly:

A HORSE THIEF CAUGHT—PROGRESS OF WHIG MORALS AND REFORM.

A fellow who calls himself William Barber
and says he assisted in editing the Cleveland
Herald, (a "Tip and Ty" paper) during the
last fall's hard cider campaign, was taken up
on the night of the 30th ult., in this county, for
stealing a horse from the pasture of Mr.—
Magnius, of Troy township, on Sabbath night
previous. He took the horse to Mt. Vernon,
attempted there to auction him off, but being
expected, made tracks without his horse, and
was finally traced at Esquire Ribble's, where he
had put up for the night. This coon, who is
now safely lodged in our jail, we understand
attributes his misfortunes to disappointment in
being rewarded, claiming as much at least as
John W. Bear. Wonder if the feds cannot
get him out by a writ of error, as in the case
of the President of the Gallipolis Bank, who
was recently sentenced to the Penitentiary!
There is, however, this difference in the two
cases—the Bank President swindled widows
and orphans out of thousands; while this coon
of "low degree" thought he was at least en-
titled to ride at a neighbor's expense. There
are scores of these office seeking lezaroni yet
infesting Washington, and when Congress ad-
journs must scatter through the country. We
would advise farmers and others therefore to
keep an eye to their pastures, and place locks
upon their stable doors.

PAPER MONEY.—The following sentiments,
the truth of which all past experience demon-
strates and confirms, is now the less true for
coming from Daniel Webster:

"Of all the contrivances for cheating the la-
boring classes of mankind, none is so effectual
as that which deludes them with PAPER
MONEY. It is the most perfect expedient
ever invented for fertilizing the rich man's
fields by the sweat of the poor man's
brow."—Daniel Webster.

"I see over the way a public officer; al-
though he may oppose me, if he does so hon-
orably and conscientiously, I shall be the
last man to disturb him. Before I would re-
move him for a mere difference of opinion,
I WOULD SUFFER MY RIGHT ARM
TO BE SEVERED FROM MY BODY."
Harrison's Speech at Cleveland.

POVERTY.—It is no honor to be rich, and no dis-
grace to be poor therefore it is exceedingly foolish to
strive after the appearance of wealth, if we are poor,
and to be ashamed of the poverty which circumstances
have brought upon us. This folly is a source of con-
ditional misery and is seldom productive of any good.

No one ever lost his honor except he who had it not.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Below will be found the concluding paragraph of a
speech of Benton's great speeches.—It was made on
the 23rd August, on the Land Revenue and Distribu-
tion Bill, and is too long to publish entire. Our read-
ers will recollect the prediction Benton makes as to the
fate of the land bill, and see if it does not come to pass.

I undertake to write the history of this bill
in advance—to give its epitaph before it is
born. It will die the death of the wicked, and
will be branded with the opprobrium of the
just. The new States will detect it, because
it makes them the slaves of the old ones. The
new States will detect it, because it makes
them the slaves of the old ones. The old
States will quarrel with it because it will dis-
appoint their hopes. Democracy will hate it,
because it is the work of Federalism, and is
base in itself. Federalism will detect it, be-
cause, instead of popularity it will bring them
odium. The friends of the constitution will
curse it, because it is the violation of that in-
strument. The enemies of public debt will
curse it because it lays the foundation for a
new national debt. The people will curse it,
because it gives them nothing, and takes much
from them in taxes upon necessities. Virtue
and patriotism will abhor it because it under-
takes to debauch the people and the States
with venal distributions, and to open a new path
to the Presidency through the plunder of the
public, and the corruption of the voters. Fi-
nally, its authors will turn against it, and aban-
don it to universal execration; because, like
Biddle's Bank and High Tariff, it will make
no body President, and will end with having
a thousand enemies to one friend.

The bill will pass the two Houses of Con-
gress, though forbid to pass by all the former
principles of those who now support it. Popu-
larity requires its aid, and party vanity will
pass it. I do not speculate upon its fate at
the other end of the avenue. It would be nei-
ther decorous nor parliamentary to do so. Cer-
tainly it is the President might disapprove it
very consistently with all his votes upon the
same bill in 1832, and with all his subsequent
conduct in relation to it. If he should do so,
and give us a Jackson veto upon a land bill,
he shall have my very hearty support for the
good act. If he does not he shall still have
my applause for the veto he has given, and
my support against the bank party, who are
endeavoring to upset the Government, as Mr.
Jefferson foretold, and to drive a President
from his station for refusing to violate the
Constitution for their profit. I will sustain Mr.
Tyler in the independent exercise of his pow-
ers. I am in favor of the form of Government
under which we live, and will support the gov-
ernment in the person of those who are called
to administer it. The President finds himself
in extraordinary circumstances—deserted and
assailed by those who brought him into office
—and dependent upon political opponents to
enable him to administer the Government. If
the Democracy was a faction, and could be
governed by selfish and factious views, they
might stand still, and suffer events to take their
course. But they are not a faction. They
are a political party, based upon principle,
and bound by their duties. They have a coun-
try to serve a Constitution to save, and Euro-
pe to convince that a republican Government
is practicable. They have a great example to
give to the world, and they will give it. They
will stand by the man who stands by his coun-
try and the Constitution. Politicians, jobbers,
speculators, and plunderers may rage; but
the Democracy, and the body of the people,
will stand by the man who stands by his coun-
try and the Constitution. A few more voices,
and the continent will be electrified. I have
staid away on purpose. I have sent him no
messages, and I have received none. I stand
off, and look at him; determined to act by him
as he acts by his country. I play false, or
foul, with no man. He has done a good deed
—a noble deed—and for that he shall have my
applause and support. I have no bargains with
my political friends or foes; and what I say
is said here in my place—in the hearing of the
senate and the country. I will give the Pres-
ident a fair support—four years' fair support.
Beyond that I promise nothing; but for four
years, and against the Bank party which seeks
to expel him from office, and to upset the
Government, he shall have my full and hearty
support.

A mind formed upon the principles of the gospel, may
look down with contempt upon the lustre of a Throne,
and yet know the value and feel a sense of gratitude in
possession of a crumb. The most exalted situation in
the present life is exposed to the fascinating allurements
of temptation; and whoever shall look heedfully upon
those who are eminent for their riches, will not think
their condition such as that he should hazard his quiet,
and much less his virtue to obtain it. The rich and
the poor have their hours of sorrow and their intervals
of joy; neither poverty nor wealth exempt them from
feeling the common calamities of life, nor confer that
happiness we so eagerly pursue, but which we must
not experience till our race is finished, and our work
done.

Raising the Wind.—A sailor, last week, who was in
want of money, his stock being reduced to expence,
went into a pawn office in Barb street, pledged his six-
pences for three pence, and got it truly described in the
duple ticket as "a piece of silver plate, of beauti-
ful workmanship." He then took his ticket to a pub-
lic house and sold it very readily to a pedlar for 2s. 6d.
pocketing 2s. 3d. by his ingenuity.—London Paper.

A Poor Cuckoo.—A Mr. Charles Pew, was re-
cently married to a Miss Maria Chasing, that's what
we call calling a plover.

The proudest men in earth are not supposed to be
clothed by the bounty of Heaven.